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The Pacific.

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WHOLE No. 1661.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., MARCH 5, 1884.

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The Coast-Guard.

Do you wonder what I am seeing,
In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like cliffs in a golden sunset,
With a summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves
Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast-guard
Pacing along the strand.
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina,
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the life-boat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain remarks,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in His hand!
—[Emily Huntington Miller, in St. Nicholas for March.]

Exchange at Rocklin.

IN THE PACIFIC, last week, Dr. Warren reported a rainy Sunday at Rocklin, (the 17th.) On the 24th the pastor of Rocklin exchanged with the pastor of Grass Valley. The readers of THE PACIFIC will get an unusually clear view of the work of a Home Missionary, by a report of the day's proceedings. At an early hour the voice of the pastor's wife was heard ringing through the cloth-lined house, waking the girls to get breakfast, and the boy to feed and dress the horse. Between seven and eight the team was ready at the door. The day's supply insisted upon Mrs. Pastor taking the lines, as there would be some half a dozen gates to pass on the road to Lincoln. The first quarter of a mile, Gate No. 2 was passed, and the course of travel for many miles lay through an immense sheep ranch. The thousands of the flock were scattered among the tens of thousands of rocks. The recent heavy rains and biting winds had done a murderous work on the new-born lambs. At intervals of a few rods, for a distance of eight miles, and in all directions, lay the white lambs in death. Hundreds had fallen. Another kind of storms and cold is doing a like deadly work upon another kind of lambs, and more lamentable results can be averted only by gospel food and shelter provided by the Home Missionary. How many mammoth pastures in California are without shepherd! After nearly two hours winding among the rocks, pressing through mud and well-then creeks, Lincoln was reached. The appointment was only for the Sunday-school. The superintendent is Mrs. Pastor. No one was about the church; the doors were locked, and every thing about the great brick structure away out of town in the open prairie looked as desolate as the great pyramid in the valley of the Nile.

A stranger riding through this city of the plains on Sunday felt that it bore a close resemblance to the spot where a relative of Abraham pitched his tent. Nothing could be done here, so we turned the head of the pony toward Gold Hill, another preaching station. No record was made of the distance, but about an hour and a half was consumed on the road. On the way we halted at a ranch for lunch. Here abode Phebe, Priscilla, Aquilla and Rufus "chosen in the Lord," with the children.

Starting again (as there was no time to be wasted), we came by a very circuitous route, through fields and prairies, to the Gold Hill school house, isolated among the rocks and scrub pines, with no human abode in sight, like Virgil's wrecked swimmer "in vasty gurgite." Here was gathered a fine congregation of unusually intelligent and attentive hearers. The forms came through the brush from different directions, from homes to us not seen, but they were by no means back woods people. They showed good sense in taking their children with them. The preacher tried to make so plain the narrative of the poor invalid who touched the hem of Jesus' garment that the children could understand, and he saw the tears in their mothers' eyes. Preaching was a rare pleasure in this oasis among the rocks on the site of an extinct mining camp.

The service was over at a little after 3 p. m. Then we set our faces toward Rocklin for the evening service. The way lay in a different direction, but more direct, and through smaller ranches. By actual count we passed through just seventeen gates. The days of roads proper have not yet come in these regions. Travelers can follow the trails through the private grounds if they will shut the gates. Rocklin, which was

left between seven and eight, was not reached until after dark. Was not such a Sabbath day's journey beyond all legal bounds? In the summer months, when the mercury is from 100° to 110° in the shade, or 140° in the sun, what kind of a constitution must an apostle have to stand this circuit every Sunday, or even once in three weeks? The church at Rocklin was crowded full, as a report had gone out that Mrs. Pastor would preach. Unfortunately for the people, the exchange took the pulpit, and gave an old talk on the "New Cart," or the people of God adopting the method of the Philistines to transport the ark of the covenant. A more attentive audience would be hard to find. I thought if they will give such attention to so crude a talk as that, what would they do under good preaching? The other member Dr. Warren mentioned who could not unite with the church the Sabbath before, because he was running the locomotive attached to the snow plow in the blockade at the Summit, was back for a season, and united with the church on the 24th. Railroad men must switch into the church when they get a chance.

APPLICATION.

1. A mammoth sheep ranch under one shepherd will be covered with dead lambs after a severe winter's storm.
2. One man and woman cannot conduct Sunday-schools and preaching stations in all creation on one Sunday.
3. Our brother has altogether too large a parish for flesh and blood to cultivate.

W. A. TENNEY.

From Atlanta, Ga.

ATLANTA, Georgia, Feb. 20, 1884.

DEAR PACIFIC:—I have thought that a word from the Gate City of the South, would not be unacceptable to some, at least, of your many readers. My residence of two years at this high point of vision has moderated my views of some things, and intensified other opinions. Of one thing at least I am positive, namely: Acquaintance of North with South will reveal many common interests, and bind into closer alliance brethren too long separated, and alienated often, because unknown. The barriers that have kept Yankee immigration from the South are fast disappearing, and many of the localities of the South bid fair to become Northernized "soon." In this letter I desire to speak of Atlanta, which, phoenix-like, has arisen from her ashes to the proud position she occupies to-day among the cities of our Republic. In less than twenty years, since Sherman was her janitor, she has risen from a city of 5,000 inhabitants to one of 50,000. About one third of these are descendants of Ham, a strange people. This city is advantageously located. So central is her situation that she has become the distributing point for a vast region of country. Many of the large manufacturing establishments of the North have branch houses here. The healthiness of the city, 1100 feet above ocean-level, aids her in business interests, as also in bringing many summer and winter visitors, some of whom stay. She has become a summer resort for Southerners, and a winter resort for Northerners. Eight railroads center here, and upon them the travel and freightage is immense. We have no river—for which just now we feel grateful, though often we lament the lack. A canal is a pet scheme which many expect to see realized within a few years. Along its banks would spring up large manufacturingeries. The South is fast asserting her new life in this direction. New England has her successful rival already here in cotton factories. Pennsylvania has her rival in coal product and iron industries. The time is not far distant when other forms of industry will lean heavily southward. Already the edict has gone forth, and many are preparing to obey. Northern capital, enterprise, brain and brawn make the new South.

Atlanta is experiencing a building boom of a more substantial character than ever before. Fine and costly residences are in process of construction in every direction, while substantial and magnificent business blocks, and other public buildings, are the rule rather than the exception. A million dollar State House is being contracted for, the plan of Chicago architects. A half-million dollar hotel is rising over the ruins of a former Kimball House. The Constitution, one of the leading and most progressive papers in the South, is erecting a \$75,000 building for offices and press-room. Thirty miles of curbing and side-walk are ordered to be laid, and several miles of paving. Eight lines of street railways center within a block of each other, and interlace all parts of our city. Two more are projected this year. Six new church edifices were erected last year, and several more will lift their spires heavenward in 1884. This is a here-and-there materialistic view of the Chicago of the South. If it suits, I will speak later of other phases of development and envelopment. In the meantime think whether Congregationalism should not have her full portion in this edification.

J. H. P.

General Gordon reports that Soudan is tranquil and he is sending 300 invalids down the river.

Letter from Jeremiah Porter.

AUSTIN, Texas, Feb. 16, 1884.

DEAR PACIFIC: I am late in sending my pay for THE PACIFIC for 1884, because Mrs. Porter and I are in the far South, having come here for my health last fall. In renewing my subscription to your paper, which is bringing so much good tidings from the churches and schools of your coast, so dear to us, I ask change of direction from Detroit, Mich., to the above. My health has greatly improved in the two months since reaching this capital of Texas, and we are truly grateful to God that we have escaped the intense cold of the winter months at the North. I need not tell you what has been so fully reported in the Texas papers, of the failure of the extra session of the legislature in this city to settle the vexed questions of "free grass," and "wire fence cutting," or almost war between the common people and the millionaire stock owners; but will tell you something encouraging in the efforts to educate and fit for citizenship "our brother in black." A charming volume on that subject is written by Rev. Dr. Atkins G. Haygood, President of Emory College, Oxford, Geo., in 1881. Belonging to the M. E. Church, South, he is in hearty sympathy with efforts of the A. M. A. in its work to elevate the freedmen, increased in eighteen years from 4,000,000 to 6,000,000. Let me quote a sentence from his 12th chapter: "Do not, my beloved white brother, stare at this word 'elevation.' Nothing is said about putting 'the negro above the white man.' Let me whisper a secret in your ear: That cannot be done unless you get below him. Think of this, and if you find yourself underneath, blame yourself."

We have read the book with delight, and wish it could be read in every family that has known the evils of slavery, that all may see the remedy in Christian education of these new made citizens. After showing that the South, in its great, present poverty, is beginning the work of educating the blacks, and is resolved to go on earnestly in the great work, Dr. H. says: "A little detail may be useful in stating some of the work done by Northern Christians for our colored people. Among the chief of the societies at work for them is the 'American Missionary Association.' It is the work of the Congregational Church, and the people who back this society are, for the most part, the people who back the A. B. G. F. M. (Let this be considered: the work of that Board is an important part of the history of Christianity in this century.) This A. M. A., is carrying on 8 chartered institutions in the South, 12 high and normal schools, 24 common schools." Writing in 1881, the year "Our Brother in Black" was published, he adds: "In all of these schools are 7,207 pupils, taught by 163 teachers. The secretaries think that at least 150,000 scholars have been taught, more or less, by the pupils of these high schools and colleges. * * * The work in the South, of this society, costs considerable more than \$100,000 a year."

The three next churches mentioned by Dr. Haygood are the M. E. Church, the Baptist, and the Presbyterian, of the North, chiefly. Let me quote still his closing sentences on this education of the colored race: "For myself I have reached this conclusion: It is God's work. Errors and mistakes being allowed, the main facts abide. Here is a small army of devoted men and women teaching the poor negroes. Millions of dollars have been invested in the work; also millions of prayers. I have studied their reports, have looked into some of their schools, and have examined no little of their work. It is full of hope and cheerful prophecy. It is high time those who are trying to do good should have knowledge of each other. Then they would help each other. These men and women of the North who are at the South teaching the negroes could do a great deal more good if we of the South, men and women, would do our whole duty to them. If, when they know us, they 'improve on acquaintance' as much as some of them have improved on acquaintance after being once known by us, then in the next generation, if not before, there will be mutual admiration, with much helping of one another in every good work; and it will be to the peace of men and the glory of God. Will not this be better than mutual suspicions, heart-burnings, and other such 'works of the devil'?"

One of the eight chartered institutions of the A. M. A. is Tillotson Institute in this city. It has over one hundred and ninety students, who are making fine progress under several professors, classical scholars. This has one beautiful cream-colored stone edifice on a hill east of the city. The State University and other State institutions are built of the same kind of stone, as well as the principal churches of six denominations already built, and a Jewish Synagogue, and all are on commanding eminences, many of them giving fine views of the city and of the valley of the Colorado river.

On one of these hills is the foundation of the State Capitol. The Farwell Bros. of Chicago are building this State House. It is to cost millions, and is to be completed in seven years. A railroad is already laid from the capital grounds

to the quarry, from which its stone are brought. J. V. Farwell, though engaged in forwarding this magnificent work, still manifests the same love for the Young Men's Christian Associations, as when he first built, and again built Farwell Hall, and so efficiently aided our dear D. L. Moody in his first work in Chicago.

The week of prayer in this city, in Jan., was marked by more tokens of the Holy Spirit's presence in drawing together the churches than ever before. The six evening services were all held in the First Baptist church, because it was central; six pastors of prominent churches led the meetings in succession. They were of the M. E. Church (north), M. E. Church (south), Presbyterian church (north), Presbyterian church (south), Baptist and Cumberland Presbyterian. In all there was no division note and the desire of a refreshing of the Holy Spirit grows stronger to the end of the week. As yet there is no Congregational church here. Prof. W. E. Brecks, principal of Tillotson Institute, is a Congregationalist and preaches to his school on Sunday and has a very interesting Sunday-school, as I found to the joy of myself and wife when we rode one Sunday with Miss M. J. Adams, a bible reader and city missionary of the A. M. A., who before coming to Austin had labored for years with great usefulness in the work of the A. M. A. in Alabama. By invitation of Prof. Brecks and family, we went to hear our old friend from Chicago, Field Superintendent of the great work of the A. M. A. in all these Southern States, Rev. J. E. Roy, D. D. The institute is just out of the city limits. It has a charming site. It is asking for funds to build a second college to accommodate the many applicants for its privileges whom they are obliged to turn away from, with great regret, for want of room.

Congregational churches are of so recent origin in Texas, that most of the colored members of churches are now Methodists or Baptists. So the communicants of Tillotson, chiefly among the pupils, are of these denominations.

But Congregationalism is taking root in Texas, as in all the Southern States, through the two grand societies, the A. H. M. S. and the A. M. A.—noble brothers. As it was my privilege, as Missionary of the first, to preach the dedication sermon at Chicago fifty years ago last January, so, if I am not mistaken, I consecrated the first church for Freedmen (Congregational) at Brownsville, Texas, in 1871, and preached the dedication sermon of the Congregational church at Corpus Christi, before the first Congregational council of this State, organized there in 1871 or 1872.

Of these two societies that have done so glorious a work I may say: "See that ye fall not out by the way, for ye are brethren."

In this city there are five churches for Freedmen, two M. E., two Baptist, and one African M. E. Two of the colored pastors of the M. E. churches are pupils of Miss Adams, who has other adult scholars, male and female. Each of the colored churches has its Sunday-school. But feeling that her work is not done by teaching a large class of young women in one of them, before going with us to Dr. Way's First Presbyterian church, Sabbath morning, Miss Adams, with the co-operation of a married lady, who began teaching in this city seventeen years ago, and is now teaching one of the city free schools, has opened in that school a Sunday-school at 3 p. m., with the cordial approbation of the President of the city Board of Education, and of Dr. Roy. It is the privilege of Mrs. Porter and myself to take large classes in this school, in a very destitute portion of the city. With much love to all your house from each of us, I am sincerely yours in Christian bonds.

JEREMIAH PORTER.

The congregation of the First Baptist church, on Columbus avenue, in Boston, subscribed recently \$55,000 to pay off its entire indebtedness.

Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York (Presbyterian), receives \$20,000 salary from his church, and a fine house rent free. In addition, Mr. Bonner pays him \$5,000 for a weekly column in the Ledger.

There were 117 deaths recorded at the Health Office, during the week ending February 29th. Males, 83; females, 34; Caucasians, 108; Mongolians, 9. Native of the Pacific Coast, 39; of other States, 20; of foreign countries, 58.

After four hours of stubborn fighting, last Friday, General Graham defeated Osman Digma near Trirkikat. The British loss was trifling, but 1,000 Moslems were slain. Arabs cannot resist the perfect discipline and determined bravery of British soldiers.

On Saturday merchandise to the amount of \$667,000 went out of this port, which shows a good export movement. There is a good demand for money, as there has been a general desire to get rid of as much as possible of it through loans, to get it out of the way of the Assessor. Rates show but little change. The savings bank loan 6@7 per cent. on city real estate, and regular commercial paper is discounted at 7@8c. Call loans are rather quiet at 5@6 per cent.

THE PROPOSED NEW "MORNING STAR" FOR THE MICRONESIAN MISSION.—We have received the following from the rooms of the A. B. C. F. M.: An agreement has been made and signed between the American Board and the New England Ship Building Company of Bath, Maine, to build the new Missionary Packet "Morning Star." She is to be of 425 tons, which is more than double the capacity and size of the present packet. She is to have auxiliary steam power to be used when necessary during calms, and to meet adverse currents and when entering lagoons among the islands. She is to have ample and healthy accommodations for ships' company, American and native missionaries and teachers, and is to be, in all respects, a first-class ship, rigged and equipped with the view to the greatest possible economy in running expenses, the useful and substantial being secured, the useless and merely ornamental ignored. She is to be ready at Boston to load with cargo of freight about September 20th, and to sail about November 1st for Honolulu. Sailing at that date she will run into a summer passage round Cape Horn. Contributions and pledges are now being received here from the children of the Sunday-schools and others to meet the cost of building and furnishing, estimated at \$45,000.

ST. PAUL, March 2d.—Associated Press special from Bismarck, Jamestown and Fargo show that March came in with a blizzard that throws all previous ones this year into insignificance. A heavy snow fell all last night, and this morning the wind commenced blowing at the rate of from forty to fifty miles an hour, catching up the snow and driving it in blinding masses, so that it was impossible to stay upon the streets. Up to midnight no lives had been reported lost, from the fact that it was Sunday, and none ventured to leave their houses. Trains were delayed all day, and all the cuts have drifted full of snow. It will be necessary to clean them out before traffic can be resumed. A report comes from all parts of Dakota that the snow in some places is light, but the wind terrific. Thermometer, five to ten degrees below zero.

MERIDIAN OF SAFETY.—The New York Nautical School have adopted the Meridian of Safety invented by Dr. William F. Thoms, the son of the distinguished navigator and author of "Thoms' Practical Navigation." The medals of the Meridian of Safety can be obtained from the Nautical School, 92 Madison street, New York city.

James G. Kennedy, Superintendent of schools at San Jose, shot and dangerously wounded Daniel Bohlen, in the streets of that city, last Saturday. And must a public guardian of our youth defend himself, or vent his anger, by firing the murderous bullet? The "Gardea City" of the State is in the midst of evil times, when her school Superintendent is a party in such a tragedy.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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Two Hundred Miles on Horseback.

[Letter from Mrs. Baldwin.]

BROOKS, Jan. 17th, 1884.

These few quiet vacation days have given me an opportunity to atone for apparent neglect of my friends, and before the work of a new term begins "your missionary" must certainly give a little account of herself. As soon as it was possible, after the beginning of the fall term, I made a temporary provision for my classes, and visited, with Mr. Baldwin, one of our near-outstations Moo-halitch, thirty-six miles west of Brooks. Our conveyance was a heavy lumbering wagon without springs, and, including our stop at noon for lunch, we were all day in reaching the place. If you ever have had such a ride, you can imagine our aching bones, and if not, you would not particularly enjoy a description. You would rather know of the warm welcome we received from the preacher stationed there, the little band of brethren and sisters, and Uowrig, the teacher of the day-school. She is an American girl, who was under Miss Rappleye's care for some time, and remained long enough in the school here, after our coming, for me to become very much attached to her. She went with us, and began her work in August, 1882. She has done faithful work, and I very much enjoyed seeing the results, as I listened to the recitations of the little boys and larger girls she had gathered round her, and, best of all, saw her so enthusiastic herself, for there was nothing very encouraging in her surroundings. She found it very difficult in the beginning to enforce a rule that the children should come with clean faces and hair daily brushed or braided, but she has been firm, and the parents have nearly all learned the lesson. We spent a week there, and on the Sabbath when

the communion was celebrated our dear Uowrig joined the Church, and I hope this step will help to strengthen her in her Christian life. Before she left us she felt almost ready for this, but she has been growing spiritually, and our hearts were rejoiced at her decision. Since our last visit there the church and preacher, with some help from us and other friends, have been able to order and receive, from America, a nice little "Mason & Hamlin" Organ, around which on Sunday evening they gathered while I played and sang with them.

As a result of the advantages here, and the present opportunity to practice, Uowrig is able to play at the different services, and it is a real help and attraction.

Reaching home October 4th, with the intention of starting out again as soon as possible, it was quite disappointing to be delayed, partly by sickness, and then by an accident, which lamed my knee till October 23d, for the journey was a long one, and we wished to avoid stormy weather. We traveled in all about 200 miles on horseback, and were away from home and school work exactly one month.

* * * We rose early that October 30th, but one of the horses we had hired was late in coming, and the adjustment of loads and saddles always takes some time, but finally our little caravan started, Mr. Baldwin taking the lead mounted on our grey horse, I following on a hired horse, which, not being accustomed to a bridle, was consequently uneasy for awhile (A rope halter is generally considered sufficient here). Two horses more, each with a pack saddle having light loads strapped on each side, and a cushion spread over the top. On one horse was mounted the Jenjeh preacher, with his little boy sitting in front of him, and on the other the preacher's wife. The two muleteers walked, and were ready to assist when we needed them. In this country the animals follow one after the other, so there is not much chance for sociability, but it was pleasant to have company; and as our ride that day was but six hours, we traveled on free from care over a level and pretty road, stopping to take our lunch at noon near a beautiful stream.

In the afternoon, for a change, I rode a while on the pack-saddle, and I found it more comfortable than it appeared—there is more freedom in moving about than one can have on a side-saddle. In the town where we were obliged to stop there was no one whom we knew to extend to us any hospitality, so we went to a large khan, which was full of travelers that night, owing to its having been "market-day," which means that people with their stores or wares from all the adjacent towns or villages had gathered there that day for purposes of trade. We secured two small rooms, but we did not find that much sleep was included in the bargain, for the constant coming and going of so many people and animals, with the noise and vociferations usually accompanying the closing of bargains here in the East, made the night too lively for rest, and we did not need to be called for our early morning's start. That day's ride was longer, eight hours, i. e.: twenty-four miles, and we pushed on to reach Biljick before night. Here there has been an evangelical work going on for some years, and our preacher and his wife rejoiced greatly at our coming. They prepared a nice hot dinner for us, and in the evening quite a number of people came in, not realizing, in their desire to see us, how tired we must be. After talking for some time, we had a portion of Scripture and prayer, and then the company left. The room where we had all been sitting, the men smoking cigarettes most of the time, had to be well aired before our beds could be spread upon the floor, where we soon most thankfully settled ourselves for the night's rest.

The next day there were more callers, among them a Greek priest, who brought, before he left, an illustrated physical geography, issued from the mission press. He seemed to know something of the truth, and to understand in a measure why Mr. Baldwin should be making such a tour, but he could not comprehend why I should be with him. "Such an additional expense!" he would say. Again, he would say: "Perhaps she is traveling for her health!" and when the matter was explained he treated with contempt the hardships of such a journey, simply to benefit her sisters' spiritual welfare.

In the evening another roomful, but one of the callers got excited during the conversation, and uttered such blasphemous things that I trembled to hear him talk. When, at the close, we had reading and prayer again, he calmed down somewhat, but we had no hope that anything said would produce a lasting impression. Expecting to visit this place on our return, we started on again next morning, rising at four and a-half o'clock, and getting off as soon as we could—as day began to dawn. Our road lay through varied country—now high hills and steep descents, and then again through fruitful fields and vineyards, where we stopped for some of the luscious grapes; or past cotton patches, where men and women with busy fingers were plucking the feathery tufts.

[We shall publish the second half of this most interesting letter hereafter.]

Boil it Down.

Whatever you have to say, my friends,
Whether by word or deed, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it in the clearest way.
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just take word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then—
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song;
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

Mary.

[A paper by Miss Clara M. Shelby, read at Plymouth church, at the Wednesday evening meeting, February 20th.]

Mary, the mother of our Lord, whose life and character we are to consider this evening—Mary, honored above all other women, how precious is her memory! Since the day her first-born son was brought into the world, no woman's name has been pronounced with more tenderness, affection, and even reverence, than hers. In all lands and nations where the Christian religion is known, Christian daughters bear her beloved name. By many millions, Mary receives the worship due only to God. Carved statues of marble, supposed to represent her form, fill thousands of sacred niches, while cheap prints and splendid paintings of the Holy Virgin cover the walls of the lowliest huts and adorn the altars of the costliest cathedrals in the world.

Mary was born in Nazareth in Judea, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, of the tribe of Judah, and a direct descendant of David, through whose line it was prophesied Messiah should come. But the branch of Judah's royal house to which Mary's family belonged had become very poor, and even the village in which they lived was so obscure and mean a place that it had passed into a common saying, "Can there any good come out of Nazareth?"

Our first introduction to Mary, in the Scriptures, is on the occasion of the angel Gabriel's visit, as he appears to foretell the birth of Christ. It had been many, many years since any angel visitant had appeared unto the people, and Mary must have been filled with alarm; but her fears are soon laid at rest, for the angel's first words are, "Fear not, Mary," and then the message is delivered to the wondering maiden, announcing to her that she, of all the daughters of Judah, is chosen of God to be the mother of the world's Redeemer. Vanishing from her presence, the angel leaves the wondering Mary. In an instant all the glorious promises of a Saviour crowd upon her mind; into the sanctuary of her thoughts it is impossible for us to enter. Her simple reply to the angel, "Be it unto me according to thy word," reveals her beautiful and entire submission to the Divine will.

Shortly after this Mary determines to visit her aged and pious cousin, Elizabeth, in the hill country of Judea. Why she takes the journey we are not told. Her cousin Elizabeth confirms the angel's prophecy in poetic words, declaring her "blessed among women," and Mary responds in words as beautiful as ever fell from sanctified lips. The extemporized poetic composition ascribed to her in the first chapter of Luke reveals a gifted mind, and a heart full of womanly affection and exalted womanly trust.

We come now to the second great event of Mary's life. How wonderfully the Lord provides for all the exigencies of life! Ages before it had been predicted that the Saviour should be born in Bethlehem. Would that prophecy be fulfilled now? We shall see. At this time there was a general taxation of the Roman empire decreed, and for this purpose all were required to go to the chief cities of their tribe. As Mary and Joseph, her betrothed husband, belonged to the tribe of Judah, they were obliged to go to Bethlehem, the chief city. When they arrive the city is crowded, and it is in vain that Joseph searches the city through for a place of rest and refreshment for himself and the weary Mary. At last, unable to procure better accommodation, they are obliged to seek the cheerless shelter of a stable, a sort of grotto or cave dug out of the rocky hillside; and within this dark and gloomy abode, poor and friendless, Mary is passing the first Christmas eve that has ever dawned upon the world. And, though there was "no room at the inn," though Bethlehem could give her no shelter, the God of heaven was looking lovingly down upon that lowly stable, and the holy ones there.

All the angels of glory must have had their thoughts centered upon that humble manger, for we read that an innumerable host swept down from heaven, and as they neared the hallowed spot, one of the shining throngs thus addressed a band of shepherds who were keeping their flocks: "Fear not, unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger;" and immediately from a multitude of angel voices, rang out the chorus which has resounded through the ages ever since: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will to men." And the shepherds, following the direction of the angel, and the Magi in Persia following the star, are led to the stable in Bethlehem, where they find the young child with Mary, his mother.

During the childhood and early manhood of Jesus we know little of Mary from the sacred historian. We find her

at the temple in Jerusalem when Jesus is twelve years of age; again, at a later period, she appears at the marriage in Cana, of Galilee, on which occasion her faith in the divine power of Jesus is manifest. On only one other occasion do we meet Mary before the death of Jesus, standing upon the outskirts of the wondering assembly that are listening to the words of him who "spoke as never man spake." Mary sends word to Jesus that she wishes to speak with them. Intent upon finishing the work his Father has given to him, Jesus seized upon the word "Mother" as a text for some new and precious teaching. "My mother," he replies, "who is my mother or my brethren?" Then pointing to his disciples, he declares that they, and all who do the will of his Father in heaven, are his nearest and dearest relatives. Mary's love for Jesus had grown into veneration; she had avowed him to be her God and Saviour, even before he was born; she accepted him as such now; she knew there was no unhappiness in his reply; and she longed for the crown to be placed upon his brow which would proclaim him Prophet, Priest and King of Israel.

The crowning is about to take place; but how different from what she and his disciples had imagined it! Jesus is being hurried away to Calvary to be crucified. Among the women who followed him was Mary; the sword which Simeon declared should pierce her own soul, was beginning to cut into her heart. There she stands at the cross, mute in her suffering; he whom she trusted as her Redeemer, he whom she knew to be the Son of God, as no other could know it, hung upon that awful, Roman cross, dying the dreadful and ignominious death of a malefactor! But hark! the Saviour speaks; not all the suffering that was rending his soul for sin could make him unmindful of human relationship, while yet in the flesh. Referring to the beloved disciple, he leaves Mary a dying legacy to his care, saying, "Woman, behold thy son!" and to John he adds, "Behold thy mother!" and from that hour John took her to his own home.

We catch but one more glimpse of Mary in the Scriptures. In the upper room at Jerusalem, nearly two months after the Lord's ascension, we find her kneeling with the other women, and the disciples continuing in prayer and supplication for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Throughout the Bible Mary stands before us a grand and glorious woman, acknowledging her need of a Saviour and finding in Jesus the hope and trust of her soul.

We see her first rejoicing in Christ as her Redeemer, and our last view of her reveals to us a praying woman. She is set before us as a virtuous and devout woman, a faithful wife and devoted mother, and as such called of God to the highest earthly honor that could be granted her—of becoming mother to the humanity of her and our Redeemer. In all lands where the story of the Saviour's birth and death is repeated, her name cannot be spoken without thought of a blessing. And, when gathered with the innumerable company of the blood-washed, we cast our crown before the Son of God, and repeat his praises, Mary will be there to rejoice with us in the mercy granted to all who do the will of God, and who on this account will be honored above all earthly honor.

A country preacher recently wrote the Rev. Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, New York, for points in the theater controversy. He got this reply: "I am opposed to theaters in general. Because, while there are real gentlemen and ladies connected with theaters, and while there are good plays, the great majority who make up the theatrical personnel are ungodly persons, whose lives are vicious, and the weight of whose influence is thrown against religion and morality, so that the general effect is deleterious to society; so much so that if every theater in the land, the best and the worst, were closed for five years, the whole community would undoubtedly not lose but greatly gain by the procedure. The effect of attending the theater, by which I suppose you mean habitual attendance upon theatrical entertainments, 'upon the churches whose members attend,' is a waste of the moral power of those churches. Last week a gay and beautiful actress was soliciting a member of our church to attend her performance. When the lady positively refused on the ground that, as a church member she could not go, the young actress applauded and made the statement that whenever she was on the boards and saw a church member in the house, she despised that person as a hypocrite. Although this is a violent judgment, every actor may be presumed to feel thus toward theater-going church people. All those people lose their influence over others, both actors and irreligious attendants."

A discovery of a very interesting character has been made at Wagon, near Carnforth, in the quarries belonging to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres. Some men, in blasting the rock, came across a small chamber, in which they discovered implements of stone, bronze and iron. Amongst them was a large perforated stone hammer, beautifully formed, and a stone quern for grinding corn; a bronze celt or axe head of the ordinary type, 5 inches long and 3 inches broad at the cutting edge; a fine socketed spear head, 9 inches long and 5 inches at the broadest part; a portion of a bronze sword, 8½ inches long and 1½ inches broad; a fine axe head of iron, 6½ inches long and 6½ inches broad at the cutting edge; and a spinning wheel, 6 inches in diameter. —[Manchester Times, January 12th.]

The older churches of Amoy, in China, in connection with the London Missionary Society, have begun missionary operations on their own account, showing that they have received the true spirit of the gospel.

Specifications for the Next President.

Ex-Archbishop General Wayne MacVeagh contributes to the March Century a striking paper on "The Next Presidency," in which he says in part: "There is at this time great and noble work awaiting a President able and willing to do it. It goes without saying that he must be absolutely untrammelled when he takes his solemn oath to defend the constitution and to execute the laws. He must not have sought the nomination, nor must he have shown after his nomination what President Woolsey so aptly called 'a most uncommon anxiety' for his election, for he must be without friends to reward, and without enemies to punish. In the present state of affairs at Washington, he must not only be an honest man, but he must be a cause of honesty in others. He must really hate every form of thievery, and must be able to dedicate himself to the solemn work of reforming not only the administrative service of the National Government, but the very atmosphere itself of the national capital."

"Four years of administration of the National Government by such a man would transform the public life of America. He would recognize the just limitations of true civil service reform, and know that all political officers in the Executive Department, all such officers representing in any degree the political action of the Government, ought to be in harmony with it, and that his Cabinet—his official household—ought to be composed of men possessed of his entire political and personal confidence, and in earnest sympathy with him in the work he proposed to accomplish."

"His Secretary of State would take care not to vex foreign nations with requests which he knew ought not to be granted, and which, if made to us under peculiar circumstances, would be indignantly repelled; but while avoiding such requests, he would keep vigilant watch over the rights of every American citizen in the world, and maintain not only the dignity and honor, but the interests of the country, in every quarter of the globe. Our foreign missions would be regarded as the assurance of a permanent tenure while they discharged their duties effectively, he would inspire them with new zeal for the public service, and secure a larger measure of fidelity to the interests committed to their charge."

"His Secretary of War would be able to secure punishment for the men who are now in such numbers tarnishing the fair name of their noble service, and thus bring the army back to its earlier and better state, when conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman was not supposed to include what, in the language of the capital, is by a delicate euphemism called 'duplication of accounts,' but elsewhere is called swindling."

"His Secretary of the Navy would cleanse that department of its retrograde and in many ways as well as in ships, and the country would gladly accord him whatever money was necessary to place the American navy upon a footing creditable alike to the gallant and illustrious service it represents and the great country whose flag it carries in the waters of the world."

"His Secretary of the Interior would so administer that vast department as to cleanse it of the agents of the Indian ring, the Pension ring, and the Land ring; and it would then be possible only for honest contractors to furnish the Indian supplies, honest agents to represent claimants for pension, and honest settlers to obtain titles to public lands. Congress would then possibly no longer hesitate to vote the money necessary for the proper treatment of the Indians, as the wards of a rich, civilized, and Christian nation."

"His Postmaster-general would place the entire postal service upon a basis of absolute honesty and economy. Defaulting postmasters would not only be dismissed, but punished, and men convicted by the country of robbing the department would not be allowed to secure new contracts while they were being prosecuted for fraud in old ones."

"His Attorney-general would be able to secure the selection of judges, marshals, and commissioners upon the ground of their fitness by character and ability to represent the administration of justice in the several communities; and the country would no longer be scandalized by the prosecution of unworthy officials who ought never to have been appointed to the places they have dishonored. Of course, it is not intended to suggest that many of the incumbents of these offices have not illustrated the qualities mentioned. In one that such a President, surrounded by such a Cabinet, would be able to do more to purify and elevate the public service in a term of four years than can possibly be done in any other way in the lifetime of a generation."

The Nightingale's Song.

In the March Century John Burroughs describes his "Hunt for the Nightingale" in England, with the following result of an almost fruitless chase: "When my patience was about exhausted, I was startled by a quick, brilliant call or whistle, a few rods from me, that at once recalled my earlier hunt with his blade of grass; and I knew that my long-sought bird was inflating her throat. How it woke me up! It had the quality that startles; it pierced the gathering gloom like a rocket. Then it ceased. Suspecting I was too near the singer, I moved away cautiously and stood in a lane beside a wood, where a holly haw regarded me a few paces away. Then my singer struck up again, but I could see she did not let herself out; just tuning her instrument, I thought, and getting ready to transfix the silence and the darkness. A little later, a man and boy came up the lane. I asked them if that was the nightingale singing; they listened, and assured me it was none other. Now she's on, sir; now she's on, sir; but she don't stick. In May, sir, they makes the woods all hebeo about here. Now she's on again; that's her, sir; now she's off; she won't stick. And stick she would not. I could hear her hoarse wheezing and clucking sounds beneath her notes, when I listened intently. The man and boy moved on. I stood mutely invoking all the gentle divinities to spur the bird on. Just then a bird like our hermit-thrush came quickly over the hedge a few yards below me, swept close past my face, and back into the thicket. I had been caught listening; the offended bird had found me taking notes of her dry and worn-out pipe there behind the hedge, and the concert abruptly ended; not another note; not a whisper. I waited a long time and then moved off; then came back, implored the outraged bird to resume; then rushed off, and, as it were, slammed the door indignantly behind me. I panted for other shrines, but not a sound."

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The Rev. C. A. Savage discoursed, last week, to the young men of the Pacific Theological Seminary, on "The Pastor in the Conduct of Prayer-meetings." He said, in substance, the perfect prayer-meeting is an unsolved problem. The solution may be as far off as the discovery of perpetual motion. We can expect only approximations. The best attainable approximation must be our aim. Sunday services do not suffice. There must be mid-week meetings. One of them must be a prayer-meeting, emphatically so. This particular meeting will be a thermometer to gauge the church's spiritual life. The pastor must be in it, of it, central to it, and carry the sense of responsibility for it. He must never be absent. Nothing but death and destruction must keep him away. And he must go prepared. "Desultory remarks" will not do. It belongs to him to make the meeting useful and interesting. The others should contribute, but he must see that there is no failure, and take the blame if the meeting is not up to reasonable expectation.

Success lies in the line of informality, ease, brevity, readiness, and cordiality. Good singing, in a light, warm room, not too large, is a great help and inspiration. The prayer-meeting ought to be large, as large as the Sunday-school, or any other meeting. It should be considered as a meeting for all, older and younger, whether members of the church or not. Much is lost if it be held as for church members only, who may need it least. The meeting is for the entire congregation without exception. Then, the pastor must "work up" the prayer-meeting. It will not run itself well. He must get the right persons to take part in it. Not many will take part, at best, but those who do should be the fittest. Get the Bible into the meeting a good deal. Get the attendants familiar with the Bible. Let them learn how to study the Bible. Let them become sure they can turn to the place they wish to, instantly. Encourage suggestions. Give heart to the timorous. Somehow get the people to praying in the prayer-meeting, not "to death," but into life.

The Hon. S. Wells Williams, L.L.D., has passed into the skies, after a long illness, at the age of 72. He went to China, when a young man, as a missionary printer, with a fairly good education. He studied and worked, made research, and applied himself with great assiduity in every branch of literature. He early became publisher and editor of a magazine. He got the mastery of the Chinese language, even in the Mandarin dialect, and made himself familiar with the literature, land, and social conditions of the people. He came to know more about the "land of Sinim" than any Chinaman in it. His work on the country and people, known as "The Middle Kingdom," is not surpassed by any work in existence. After twenty years of severe toil and study and Christian endeavor, as a missionary, he was called to high civil position as interpreter, adviser, and administrator, to our own and other governmental officials, and was never more allowed to return to direct missionary work. He became a great power in the land of his love and labor. Eight years ago, when he was worn and spent, he was forced to leave the East. At that time, taken all in all, he was the greatest and noblest man in that vast empire, for which he has done so much. Like ourselves, others may have met him only once. But so fine a nature cannot vanish utterly from the realms of God, and future recognitions may be in store for such as shall be counted meet to walk amid the stars.

It pleased the lower House of our National Congress, some weeks ago to pass a resolution of condolence with the Government of the German Empire on the death of the Hon. E. Lasker, a distinguished German politician who died in New York while on a visit to America. This resolution the German Government was not pleased with, and has returned it, or started it homeward. No doubt it will be found to have been sent back with polite words. But, meantime, the Germans are excited, and are abusing us and our minister there, Sargent, for being officious over the decease of a man who was offensive to the Government, and in dis-

grace with Prince Bismarck; and the Americans are excited over a piece of madness and possible insult toward the national Congress. We think our House of Representatives went far out of its way in this thing, yet we fear no dire results from the proceeding.

We are favored with a copy of the fifth edition of the manual of the First Congregational church of this city, one of the noblest of churches, and most efficiently served by the Rev. Dr. Barrows. The manual is sumptuously gotten up, with illuminated cover, photographed interior, portrait of pastor, and elaborate statistics. It contains almost a hundred pages, and supplies every needed sort of information. The summaries are large, and growing larger as the months fly. Whole number of members, 657. Enrolled in Sunday-school, 901; Chinese school, 130. Total, 1031. Benevolent contributions in 1883, \$13,328.58. Mrs. Cooper's Bible-class has sustained the past year four kindergartens, at an expense of \$4,590.70. Let such a record cheer and stimulate all.

We hear of Henry George, not only on the platform in Great Britain, but in the pulpit. For he spoke on Sunday evening lately in the church of Rev. Dr. McRae, at Dundee. His audience was large, some two thousand. He spoke of Moses as a social organizer. He said one thing which might very properly be said often in the ears of such as are wont to hang upon his lips. Referring to the character of the Mosaic Code, he remarked that to it belonged that very day, the Sabbath, "the only thing that stood between the working classes and ceaseless toil." Mr. George will do the working men a great service if he will lead them to make a stand for the Lord's day as their rightful rest. We should hope, too, that he has depth of insight enough to see that there is no consideration powerful enough to secure the weekly rest which falls short of building upon the appointment which connects it with God the creator and Christ the risen Savior of mankind.

Two weeks ago we said something of General Gordon, sent by the British government with almost unlimited powers, to quiet the Sudan, and bring the army of the Mahdi, or "false prophet," to terms. We then complimented his ability and skill. It is pleasing now to read the telegrams which report the beginning of his success. England will have to govern, not only Egypt proper, but the Sudan also; and she is fortunate in having so grand a man, and so good a Christian, to represent her in Africa, and lead her armies to victory. The following paragraph we quote from the "Congregationalist" to show what sort of a man he is, and how he felt when starting formerly, on a perilous undertaking like this, which he has now in hand.

"No man ever had a harder task than I, unaided, have before me; but it sits as a feather on me. As Solomon asked, I ask wisdom, and not only will He give me it, but all else besides. And why? Because I have sought to gain in name or riches. I do not care what man may say. I do what I think is pleasing to my God; and so far as man goes, I need nothing from any one. I feel my own weakness, look to Him who is almighty, and leave the issue without inordinate care to Him. I have become what people call a great fatalist—namely, I trust God will pull me through every difficulty. This carries me through my troubles, and enables me to look on death as a coming relief when it is His will. I go alone with an infinite, Almighty God to direct and guide me, and am glad so to trust Him as to fear nothing, and, indeed, to feel sure of success."

The Tourjee Educational Excursions to Europe, for 1884, are announced. Probably these are as good as any that can be named, and as cheap. Cheapness is a chief point gained in an excursion party, in addition to the pleasure of good company, in a select party. The Tourjee Tours are said to combine all other possible arrangements, the great object of the summer tourist in visiting Europe. These are, a recuperation of health, a select and cultured company, the best possible use of time, and the most economical use of money. Plans are often made, and carried out by tourists, in which one only of these objects is secured, at the expense of all the rest. These plans have been steadily matured by experience for combining these essential aims in a manner as nearly perfect as human nature will allow. The persons thus far forming parties have been mostly men and women doing the hardest of all work—work of brain and heart. They are teachers, lawyers, editors, business men, and clergymen. The prices, from New York, range from \$425 to \$625, according to the length of time, from 66 to 98 days, or about \$6½ per day.

Owing to the fact the Sheriff Connolly refuses to serve as Grand Marshal of the St. Patrick's Day parade, and that the Third Regiment will not turn out, it is thought that there will be no street display on March 17th, but that there will be only literary exercises.

During the past week 287 immigrants arrived in this State by the Central Pacific Railroad. Next Tuesday the Immigration Bureau will send a party of twenty-five to Shasta county to join the large colony established there since November 1st.

W. J. Mahoney, at about half-past 10 o'clock Saturday night, shot and killed William G. Hale, the tragedy occurring in front of the Commercial Hotel saloon.

The Marguerite Home.

In many ways Sacramento has always been a favored city. In the more recent years it has been favored by the benefactions of a lady of wealth, who has lived within its limits for more than thirty years. Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker, (widow of the late Judge E. B. Crocker) has just completed, endowed, and placed in the hands of Trustees a Home (not a hospital) for elderly ladies. The premises have cost \$38,000; the endowment is \$50,000; and there is a reserve fund of \$12,000. There are rooms for 24 ladies of the sort desired, besides rooms for matron, assistants, servants, and so on. Every room has in it everything to be desired, and is sumptuously furnished. Few people live in such comfort and elegance, within and without, as will those who shall occupy this beautiful "home." The trustees will shortly issue their circulars, and be ready to receive applications, in a few weeks.

In the evening of February 25th, her sixtieth birthday, Mrs. Crocker had a thronged reception on the premises, and formally delivered the institution to the trustees, reading the deed of trust in a clear voice before handing it over to them. Dr. Simmons, in behalf of the trustees, made a timely and handsome address, accepting the trust. The mayor of the city, Hon. J. Q. Brown, offered congratulations and returned thanks in the name of the city, in well-chosen words and with much feeling. The president of the city's board of trade also read a fine address on behalf of the business and commercial men of the capital. The Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton (now Professor in the Pacific Theological Seminary, at Oakland) the pioneer pastor of the Congregational church in Sacramento, who had known Mrs. Crocker from the time of her arrival in California, made a brief address in honor of the event, congratulating the city and the founder of the institution, and emphasizing it as a mark of the growing liberality, humanity, and Christianity of our times. A prayer of dedication was then offered, which concluded the more formal part of the evening's duties. There were no fashionable "gaities." A fine band supplied a plenty of music, a loaded table furnished refreshments, and there were marchings to and fro, and reunions of the men and women of the days of the pioneers, and moments of happy meetings and greetings.

From many another lady or gentleman of wealth in our State we hope we may hear of benefactions like this, and even greater, while yet they live.

The English Methodists "have built in London sixty-four sanctuaries to accommodate not less than 1,000 persons each, and ninety-seven smaller places of worship, at an aggregate cost of 600,000 pounds," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In "one of the most typical and significant of these," which cost \$70,000, the liturgy of the Church of England is used on Sunday mornings, and the customary dissenting and extemporary mode of worship in the evening. All manner of Christian work seems to be most actively carried on in the congregation. It is difficult for us in America to understand what English Wesleyanism is; it is so different from the American article. At any rate it is plain that the great and grand life of the Church of England at this time does not represent all of Christian zeal and growth in the mother country.—[Pacific Churchman.]

A letter from M. Edward Whymper to Prof. J. Norman Lockyer, the English astronomer, gives some interesting particulars concerning an eruption of the South American volcano of Cotopaxi which occurred in 1880. At the commencement of the eruption Mr. Whymper was making his famous ascent of Chimborazo, and was more than 16,000 feet above sea-level, and about sixty-five miles from Cotopaxi. A dense column of smoke was seen to rise suddenly from the volcano to a height of about 40,000 feet above the sea, when it was borne westward some twenty miles by a strong wind, and then gradually spread in all directions. In a few hours the cloud passed between the observers and the sun, and color effects surpassing in vivid intensity those of the most gorgeous sunsets were then witnessed, the sun itself appearing green. As the cloud passed overhead and surrounded the mountain-climbers, the brilliant colors ceased to be seen, while an exceedingly fine dust fell upon everything. This remarkable observation seems strongly confirmatory of the view that late unusual sunsets and other atmospheric phenomena have been due to volcanic dust floating high in the air.

As a token of regard for the memory of Wendell Phillips, the different Irish societies of Boston will omit their usual St. Patrick's Day parade, and in the evening of that day will attend a lecture, the proceeds of which will be contributed to the fund for a statue of the great abolitionist.

The Rev. William R. Williams, of the Trinity Baptist Church, of N. Y., is nearly 80 years of age, and has been pastor of that church fifty-two years and preaches nearly every Sunday.

Doing Service.

In the familiar associations of life, most of us are ready to offer to companion and friend, and even to strangers, any ordinary service of which they may stand in need. Of course, it must be a service to which our strength and skill are adequate, and which we can appropriately perform. Light in their darkness, help in their burden-bearing, guidance in perplexity, comfort in sorrow, watch and care in sickness—these and such like offices we freely render to those with whom we come into fellowship.

And yet it is possible that we sometimes find ourselves not a little fastidious as to the quality and character of the service expected at our hands. We like it to be something we can pleasantly and gracefully execute, something in which we can display our taste and address, something associated with the most welcoming relish of the object. "Come, lean on my arm in your weakness,"—"come, let me read to you from this favorite author while you rest,"—"come, hear my music in your sadness,"—"come, let me sit by your fireside in your loneliness!" Any such demonstration of kindness to our kindred and acquaintance in their special emergency is as agreeable to us as whatever tokens of love in their hours of health and joy.

There may be lowly and menial types of service from which we should shrink. Commit these to lowly and menial hands. They belong to that grade of the household employes. These are kept and pensioned for such degrading work. And in the moral nature there are like ranges and grades of official action. There are cleansing processes of truth and motive that must come in contact with defilement. There are debasing affections, practices, and fancies, into the unclean depths of which the search of faithful friendship must descend. Who will perform such offices diligently in the ties of our earthly communion?

We need not specify in regard to the range of being, or the details of service offered. But we wish to suggest that the lowest and most menial service which true friendship can render is the most honorable. It bears witness to the reality and strength of that friendship. It shows how low it will stoop to confer a favor upon its object. And when it is seen that there is nothing so humble, or in itself so repelling, that this kind hand will not undertake for the relief and comfort of its object, it shows the quality of that love, and presents it brilliant with the lustre of true gold. A trifling courtesy might indicate only a trifling personal regard. But an office of love that takes stain and strain and ignominy as the price of its fulfillment, would prove that love to be of no ordinary type. It would honor it as self-devoted, and self-sacrificing according to the deepest need of its object. And so this kind of service would confer the truest honor upon the performer.

Let this sentiment, then, abide with us, and inspire us in all our endeavors to serve companion and friend, that, whenever we stoop the lowest to reach their need and to render help, we put most honor upon the tie that binds us to them, and the desire we cherish for their welfare. If we would make any interposition of ours for another most productive and availing, let us take the occasion which is the most repelling, and the office which is the most forbidding, and so attest the genuineness and strength of our heart's devotion to the blessed issue sought at such price! A. L. S.

The annual catalogue of Princeton, just published, shows that the Faculty now numbers thirty professors, besides a corps of tutors, instructors and lecturers. The John C. Green School of Science, established in 1878, and now finely organized and equipped with library, laboratories, and museum, has eighty-six students. The department of philosophy, founded by a gift of \$150,000 from Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, of New York, is more recent and has not completed its organization. A chair of ethics will be added next autumn, and graduate courses will be established in most branches of this department. The School of Art, endowed by the trustees of the late Frederick Marquand of New York, has a course of lectures on art, by Professor Marquand and W. C. Prime, L.L.D. The college has now six fellowships and a number of medals and prizes. There are 523 students in all the departments.—[Ex.]

The late editor of the *London Times*, Mr. Thomas Chenery, was probably the most scholarly journalist of his day. No great newspaper had ever called to its control an Oxford Professor of Arabic and a translator of the original versions of the Bible until the *London Times* set the precedent, and the best commentary upon its choice is the fact that Mr. Chenery proved himself equal to the task of maintaining the traditions of that paper.—[Ex.]

The Methodist Episcopal bishop, R. S. Foster, says: "One thing is noticeable over Europe, and all the world as well—the increasing prevalence of the English language. It is rapidly becoming the language of the whole earth. In most places it is heard in the shops, hotels, and all places of resort, almost as much as the native speech. The hotel and pensions of Paris are more English than French."

A large council, including all the Congregational churches of New Haven, with President Porter and Professors Fisher and Day, after a full examination, approved unanimously the installation of W. W. McLane, D. D., as pastor of the College Street Congregational church, of New Haven. This is the Steubenville, O., minister, in whom we, also, failed to discover any heresy.

The debt of \$40,000 on the Metropolitan Methodist church in Washington has been cleared off, largely by the efforts of Chaplain McCabe.

How beautiful is that simple prayer which it is said the Breton sailors are wont to utter when launched out upon the heaving ocean: "Keep me, my God, my boat is so small, and thy ocean is so wide!"

Love is a flame that burns even in the midst of the great deep. "Many waters can not quench his love, neither can the floods drown it." It triumphs over all. It never faileth either in time or in eternity.—[J. Wesley.]

Home Missionary Sol.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

A Suggestion Concerning Business Men.

The March number of *The Home Missionary* contains a timely article from Dr. Barrows, pastor of the First church, San Francisco, to which we invite the prayerful attention of the readers of this column. His suggestion that a day of prayer be observed by our churches, for the consecration of our business men to Christ, takes hold of a vital principle, which, if put forth in its due proportion of faith, would work a wonder of the age. The cause of Christ demands all that the Church has, all that the Church can control, but how little of all this does the cause receive! If the tide were turned, the California Home Missionary Society, instead of asking for an appropriation of \$15,000 from Eastern churches to carry on its work, would be able to do all its work without such aid, and give its thousands to the national work besides. And is there not power in prayer to turn the tide? Dr. Barrows says:

"We take our pen to develop, in a few words, two thoughts for which we are indebted to a recent writer, to whom we referred in our Saratoga remarks.

One suggestion is this, that "Society is not a bundle of families merely," etc.; "it is the divine afflatus," etc. This idea is a vital one in this Western home missionary work. The tendency is to isolation of thought and a lack of interdependence. The idea of relationship, of kindred interests, and of vital union for the common weal needs cultivating.

The fact expressed by this writer that "Society is the divine afflatus," etc., should be enforced and illustrated in these Western villages. That God counts for something in social enterprise, that the Divine thought is to be the primary purpose of social ties, that the Divine code of law and love is to be followed—these are sentiments that need to pass into actual principles in the structure of this new Western world. The work of Home Missions among us must more and more push and emphasize this thought. In the interest of the highest prosperity in business, men must be led to recognize this principle and act upon it as a practical factor in any permanent enterprise.

The other suggestion from this same author, which is two-fold, needs enforcement. He says: "Men care very little about the expense of capital; but they do care immensely about the movement of capital." He further illustrates it by the reservoir, etc. This is a practical idea of great value.

Take this State of California. It was founded on the conception of a temporary stay by those who came here in 1849, and the entire thought in the early years was that of money-making, either by mining, or later by stocks and trade. New England started at the other and grander pole of thought—namely, education and religious freedom and observance. The original California idea must be worked out and the New England idea worked into the society of this commonwealth. This is no easy task. It is one taxing the faith and perseverance of the bravest. Grand men in these years past have been working on this problem with most gratifying results. The present and future must be filled with a large advance along the entire line. What is needed is to "give freedom to the flow of capital" (as the writer referred to remarks) and to open the treasury of these business men, so that large gifts shall flow into the work of Home Missions. It is a practical and needful investment on the part of the business man to protect his property and continue his prosperity. As Prof. Hoppin, of Yale College, said at the last meeting of the San Francisco Congregational Club, whose January session was honored by his presence: "America Christianized means the world Christianized." If the business men (grand men they are, too, on this Pacific coast; no grander types can be found anywhere) are led to that consecration of themselves to the cause of Christ, which seems to be their only lack, then the "river" of capital will be "set free," and there will not only be no demand from California upon the treasury of the American Home Missionary Society, but across the continent would flow gifts to enrich that treasury for their great work.

Why could not a Day of Prayer for this consecration of our business men to Christ and to the benevolent channels of his church be suggested by the Home Missionary Society and observed by the churches throughout the country? The ultimate source of success lies at the center of prayer. The permanent re-enforcement of the Home Mission work by the consecration of our business men, west as well as east, will hinge upon the arousing of the Church to importunate and united prayer. Can we not have such a Day of Prayer soon for all our churches?

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

The Monthly meeting of the Congregational Associates will be held on Friday, March 7th, at 3:30 p. m., at No. 7, Montgomery avenue.

At the last meeting of the Monday Club, Rev. Chas. W. Hill, of Utah, gave quite an interesting account of his field of labor, and answered many questions presented to him by members of the Club.

Dr. Moar will present the theme "Realism in Theology," at the next meeting of the Club, which was postponed in order to hear from Rev. Mr. Hill.

"Personal Service for Christ," was Rev. T. K. Noble's theme Sabbath morning, at Plymouth church.

Rev. Chas. W. Hill, of Utah, preached at the Third church Sabbath morning.

Sabbath was a good day at Green-St. church. In the morning Rev. H. Macy preached on Christ's words, "Lovest thou me more than these?" There was quite a large attendance at the communion.

The morning service at Bethany church was a celebration of the 11th anniversary of the church, and consisted largely of a praise service. At night, Rev. W. C. Pond preached upon the theme "The Soul and the Saviour, related to each other by natural affinity."

Rev. T. T. Frickstad reports the largest attendance of any at his Scandinavian service last Sabbath.

Dr. McLean preached at Oakland in the evening on "The Intrinsic Manliness of being a Christian."

Seven persons joined the First church in this city at the communion last Sabbath morning. At night, Rev. Dr. Barrows lectured on "Doubting Thomas."

There was a very large meeting of the Ministerial Union in the parlors of the Y. M. C. A. in this city last Monday. Rev. W. C. Pond, the President of the Union, opened the subject for the day: "Can something more, and more effectual, be done for the crowd of youths that gather on our street especially on the Sabbath?" A very interesting discussion followed, the outcome of which we trust will result in more outdoor meetings and more aggressive efforts in many ways to save the youths of our city.

There were eight additions to the Plymouth Avenue church, Oakland, last Sabbath. The subject of Prof. Moar's discourse was "Paul's solicitude for the spiritual character of his converts."

In company with Dr. and Mrs. Dwinell, Mrs. Martin Post and daughter went to join our dear Brother Post in Rockford, Ill. We are sorry to believe that this means that our brother will not return to San Jose or California, but make his home in the Eastern States. How we shall miss him and his. In all the circle of our California ministry there is not a truer man, a more faithful friend, a more devoted minister.

Dr. Warren spent last Sabbath at Port Costa, Crockett and South Vallejo. The communion was observed in the two latter places.

South Vallejo Sunday-school gave a most interesting concert and entertainment on Feb. 26. A large and appreciative audience was present. Mrs. Hall's class gave unbounded satisfaction and Mrs. Wells' class was well versed in theology. The recitations, songs, and tableaux were most excellent, holding the audience with unabated interest for fully two hours. Much praise is due to all who had part in getting up this choice entertainment.

A correspondent writes from Rocklin: "On Tuesday evening, the 26th instant, friends of our pastor, Rev. D. F. Taylor, gathered at the study, each bringing solid tokens of regard for him and his family, in money and choice supplies, to the amount of nearly \$45.00. The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner. The young ladies prepared a programme consisting of singing, recitations, select readings and declamations, which was well rendered, after which refreshments were served. It was a perfect surprise to the entire family."

We have the following from Woodland: Our church at Woodland, although without a pastor, is doing some good work. The ladies of the church and society gave an Old Folks' Concert and supper in "ye olden times," on St. Valentine's day for the benefit of the church, which was well attended in spite of the storm.

Our pulpit has been ably filled during the fall and early winter by Bros. Kimball, Hanna, Starr, Merrill, Holbrook, and others. Bro. Sharbrough of the M. E. Church, South, has preached in our church of late, the two congregations uniting. The prayer-meetings are well sustained, and many a prayer is offered to Him who alone heareth and answereth prayer, that God will soon send us a pastor that will shepherd this flock. The ladies have their regular weekly sewing circle in the church parlors. The Sunday-school is progressing as usual; the Supt. is ably sustained by good set of officers and teachers.

The most encouraging feature of the Sunday-School work is our Young People's Meeting, which is held in the vestry every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. It was begun with the new year, and is growing both in numbers and interest; it is led by the Supt. We have pledged our mite towards building the new *Morning Star*. Yolo County is organizing for the Sunday-School work. It is proposed to hold the first convention in Woodland some time next month.

that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month,
than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty.
Need no capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., N. York.

Jamie, the Sailor Boy.

In a very small village, there lived a Scotch boy named Jamie. His mother loved him and he loved his mother. The little boy wanted to be a sailor. His mother did not like the idea of losing her little Jamie, but he had read so much about sailors, and about foreign lands, that he said:

"O mother, I do want to be a sailor!" and his mother at last said, "Jamie, you shall go." She gave him her blessing and added:

"Jamie, wherever you are, whether at sea or on land, never forget to acknowledge your God; and give me a promise that you will kneel down every night on shipboard and say your prayers. If the sailors laugh at you, don't mind; say your prayers and trust in God."

Little Jamie looked up to his mother, the tears trickling down his cheeks, and said, "Mother, I promise you I will."

The boy went on board a ship bound for India. They had a good captain and some very good sailors, and when little Jamie knelt down at night, there was no one who laughed at him. He had an easy time of it then. But coming back from India, some of the sailors deserted, and the captain had to get fresh ones. Among them was a very bad fellow. The first night when the sailors had gone to their berths, seeing little Jamie kneel down to say his prayers, he went up to him and giving him a box on the ear, said:

"None of that here, sir!"

Now, among the crew there was another sailor, a swearing man, I am sorry to say, but I think he had been taught what is right when a lad. He came up to this bad fellow who had struck the boy and said:

"Come on deck and I will give you a thrashing," and they went on deck.

Now, I am not approving of the fight, but these men did fight, and the swearing sailor whipped the one who had boxed the little fellow. Then they came back again into the cabin, and the swearing man said:

Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you I will dress him."

Well, the next night Jamie said to himself, "I don't like to make any disturbance on board ship; I will say my prayers in my berth; I won't kneel down before the sailors; I will only use my hammock and say my prayers to myself."

Now was that wise? Was that fearless? But mark the effect it had on the swearing sailor. The moment he saw little Jamie get into his hammock without saying his prayers, he went up and took him by the neck, dragged him out of the hammock and said:

"Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole voyage back to London, little Jamie had, in that reckless, thoughtless sailor, a man who looked after him like a father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. The little fellow began to grow industrious, and to read. He said to himself, "Here is a swearing sailor who has reproved me because I did not kneel down boldly before the men." Well, he began to learn all about ropes and ships, and about taking latitude and longitude.

Now let me tell you a little of his history. Some years ago, the largest steamship ever seen was built. You remember it—the *Great Eastern*. You know that she went across the Atlantic with the wonderful cable. Now who do you think was the captain of that great ship? They wanted the cleverest captain they could find in England, and they selected little Jamie. When the great ship came back, after fulfilling her mission, the captain, kneeling before Queen Victoria, who said, "Rise, Sir James Anderson," and Sir James Anderson was none other than the little boy I have told you of.—[H. Visitor.]

Breaking a Mustang.

In an entertaining paper in the March St. Nicholas entitled "Among the Mustangs," Noah Brooks gives the following graphic account of the method of capturing and breaking the wild horse of the prairies: "Riding at full speed, the Mexicans career over the plains like wild men, whirling their coiled lariats, or lassos, over their heads as they fly. Their horses are covered with foam, and often bleeding from the cruel spurs with which they are urged on. The earth trembles under the tramp of many hoofs beating the solid ground, as pursuer and pursued gallop madly far and wide. Suddenly the lariat swings through the air, its noose opens itself and drops over the head of a terrified fugitive, the hunter's steed instantly braces itself with its forefeet and drops on its haunches so as to make an anchorage, as it were, for the caught mustang. And there is no escape for the captive.

"The hunter next blinds his prize, takes a turn of the lariat around his forelegs, forces a heavy bit into its mouth, and at once begins to 'break' it to the saddle. How do you suppose the poor mustang feels when it finds itself saddled, bridled, and straddled by a tyrant man? In vain it 'jumps stiff-legged,' plunges, and 'kicks.' No animal in the world has so many tricks and antics as a newly captured wild horse; but man, its conqueror, is equal to all of these. In a few hours, the poor beast, so lately a free and careless creature, a wild rover of the boundless plains, is reduced to abject subjection. Its spirit is broken, and though it may still retain some of its native viciousness, it is the slave of its owner; henceforth it never forgets the lasso. It knows and dreads the sight of one; and if it escapes, there is very little difficulty in catching it again. But its rider, too, must never forget that the hapless captive is only half-tamed. He must watch it narrowly; for often afterward, when he least suspects such insubmission, the steed he rides will try to throw him, and will struggle under the saddle as if it were but newly snared."

Moltke's Daily Life.

A fine portrait of Count Von Moltke is the frontispiece of the *March Century*, and Miss Helen Zimmern gives an entertaining account of Von Moltke's life. His daily routine is described as follows: "Winter and summer, Moltke enters his study at the stroke of seven A. M. Here he drinks his morning coffee, smokes a cigar, and writes until the stroke of nine, when his business letters are brought to him, which he reads and dispatches. He then exchanges his dressing-gown for his uniform, and is ready at eleven to receive his adjutants, to hear their reports, and issue his orders. While at work he partakes of a simple lunch, and when his adjutants are gone resumes his writing until the stroke of two, when the work is pushed aside. He then receives the higher officers of the staff and listens to their reports. This ended, which may be longer or shorter according to circumstances, Moltke goes for a walk. It is no infrequent thing to encounter him in the busy streets of Berlin, peeping into the shop windows which appear to have an attraction for him. At four he takes a frugal dinner in company with his family, and the hour of dinner is for them the happiest of the day. Then the taciturn man becomes loquacious, and delights his hearers with his charming, cheerful talk. From five to seven he again devotes himself to writing; from seven to eight the newspapers are perused. At eight he once more rejoins his family at the table, after which follows a game of whist, in which the great strategist is naturally a proficient. The game over, the evening is generally ended with music, to which Moltke is devoted. At eleven he retires to rest."

Be Thorough.

"I never do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practiced in the chapel at all."

She was naturally more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor, Alice wrote and rewrote her article, and practiced it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot the truth so true, but so aptly put by Carlyle, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."

One by patient, persistent effort obtained what the other relied upon her natural talent to win for her.

Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room, or make a cake, or write an essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for every thing. Not alone because only thus you can win honor and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before him we must be thorough.

For the Family Scrap-Book.

Wild mint scattered about the house will rid it of rats and mice.

Save your cold tea; it is excellent for cleaning grained wood.

A little sweet oil and beeswax rubbed on mahogany polishes it up beautifully.

A dish or vase of fresh water should be kept in every room where there is a fire, especially an open fire. The water absorbs the gas arising from the coal and other impurities.

State buns may be made to taste as nicely as when fresh if they are dipped for a moment or so in cold water and then put in a hot oven for five or ten minutes. They will turn out as light and crisp as when first baked.

Flowers may be kept very fresh over night if they are excluded entirely from the air. To do this wet them thoroughly, put in a damp box, and cover with wet raw cotton or wet newspaper, then place in a cool spot.

When one has had a fever, and the hair is falling off, take a tea-cup of sage, steep it in a quart of soft water, strain it off into a tight bottle. Sponge the head with the tea frequently, wetting the roots of the hair.

One of the best ways to cure sore throat is as follows: Wring a cloth out of salt and cold water, and keeping it quite wet, bind tightly about the neck. Cover this with a dry cloth. It is best to use this remedy in the night.—[Baptist Weekly.]

Ostrich Eggs.

One ostrich egg for ten guests is the pattern at the California ostrich farm, says the *Anaheim Gazette*. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said Dwight Whiting, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess one egg will be enough," and having given utterance to this expression he wended his way to the paddock, and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg. The triumph of the feast was the egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could no longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in duck eggs, and the yolk was of the usual color. It acted as it looked—like a duck egg—and had no flavor peculiar to itself. But it was immense! As it takes twenty-eight hen's eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare; and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that the ostrich egg was good."

A Hero.

His name should be passed around. Charles Salter, steward of the English ship "Jupiter," was a witness of a wreck off the Point Louis Rocks, on the coast of Mexico. The sea and wind were too great to allow boats to approach the wreck, and several shots had been fired across the vessel, but the line would not hold on to the shot, and fell into the water. Against the advice of his captain, who told him the feat was impossible, Salter swam out to the wreck with a coil of small line upon his shoulders. Twice he was beaten back by the waves on to the beach; but a third time he plunged in, and after forty minutes' battle with the breakers, the brave fellow reached the ship and clambered on board. The small rope enabled him to haul a cable from the shore, which was made fast, and by means of what sailors call "a buoy and breeches," a boy and three ladies were successfully sent ashore. The other passengers and the crew quickly followed—thirty-two souls in all—and last of all came the brave sailor to whom they owed their lives, who fainted as soon as he reached the beach. The work of rescue occupied three hours, and only an hour afterwards the wreck completely broke up.—[Messenger.]

Despair Not.

Did you ever have a period in your life when you felt as if no one wanted you? I had that experience for about two days, and it nearly broke my heart. I wanted to die. It was a terrible thought that no one wanted me. I was a stranger in a strange city looking for work. I went from place to place, and got only a gruff answer: "No, sir," "No, sir." No one wanted me. It seems as if the Son of God must have had something of that feeling down here; no one wanted him. The world did not want him; he took him and put him to death. If he should come into this audience, and go from seat to seat, would you say, "No, Jesus, I do not want you; go thy way this time?" or would you open your heart and let him in? In one place it speaks of his locks wet with the dew of the night. O, may God help every unsaved soul here to receive the Son of God! He has gone up on high to make room there for us. We are told in one place that he looked toward heaven and sighed. He saw sickness and disease and death all around him, and no one wanted him, so he looked toward home. I can imagine he was homesick. There he was loved by all. O, sinner, won't you have this rejected King? Won't you do as Martha and Mary did—receive him into your heart and home this very hour?—[Moody.]

Postal-Statistics.

The number of newspapers conveyed annually in the domestic mails of this country, amounts to 852,180,792. Germany distributes 439,089,900; France, 320,087,636; Great Britain, 140,789,100. The smaller figures of England, France, and Germany are in a measure due to the larger number of papers distributed by private agencies in those countries. Then our government gives an immense premium to newspaper proprietors by charging the same amount for a pound of printed matter as it does for a half-ounce letter. Great Britain distributes 38.7 letters and postal-cards per inhabitant; the United States, 27.3; Switzerland, 19.9; Germany, 15.8. The United States ranks first in the number of post-offices, 44,512; Great Britain occupies the second place, 14,918; Germany has only 11,088, and France 6,158. Japan has 5,094, and is far in advance of Russia, Austria, Italy, or Spain.—[Democrat's Monthly.]

Borrowed Books.

A person who borrows a book has no right to lend it to another without the express permission of the owner. This should be an unvarying rule. A borrowed book should be covered and handled with care and nicety, and returned promptly. Nobody has a right to retain a borrowed book during an indefinite period. If accident or injury result to a borrowed volume while away from its owner, honor requires that it shall be replaced by a new copy. Never ask the loan of a very costly book, or one belonging to a set, if you can avoid it. Teach children to be very particular in regard to their handling of all books, whether their own or those of others.—[Christian Intelligencer.]

The *Cherokee Advocate*, of Tahlequah, Cherokee Nation, Indiana Territory, has the following: "Hon. C. S. Blackburn, Member of Congress from Kentucky, has been elected a Senator of the United States—and will supersede Senator 'Cerro Gordo' Williams. Congressman Blackburn has uniformly recognized the fact that the Indians of this Territory have some rights 'that even a white man' ought to respect. Senator Williams in his speech three years ago on the 'Frisco' right of way bill brought the Choctaw Nation, made in the U. S. Senate, recognized no such rights on the one side, or obligation on the other."

The "Musical Herald" says that at a recent meeting of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, when reports had been made from the different organizations of the church, and prayers had been offered for them, Rev. Dr. Taylor, the pastor, said, "There is one important organization that has not been prayed for; and, though made up of paid officials, its services form so large a part of our church worship that I want the choir particularly remembered at this time." It was done.

We do not go to heaven, but heaven comes to us. They whose inner eye is opened to see heaven, and they who see it, are in it; and the air to them is thick with angels, like the background of Raphael's "Mother in Glory."—[F. Hedge.]

Reminders of Eden.

When I view the bright stars in God's temple of night, Like daisies all golden and brilliant with light; I think of the evening that follows life's day, And the night I shall spend midst Jordan's cold spray, And I wonder if then in death's darkness and gloom Angel lamps shall illumine my path thro' the tomb.

When I hear the sweet songs of the birds in the morn, As darkness is fleeing and they herald the dawn, I muse o'er the morn of eternity's day, Of earth's long, dreary night that shall vanish for aye, As they bear me with speed to the throne of the King.

When I gaze on bright flowers in the sun-shiny spring, As they open their petals their fragrance to wing, On the transparent sails, or ships of the breeze, To their amorous lovers, who roam midst earth's trees, Then Eden's spring flowers come swift to my view, And I question my soul—Are these flowers for you?

When I see the dark storm rolling on thro' the sky, And sharp flashing lightnings, hear thunderings so nigh, Then look at yon eagle soaring swift towards the sun, Darting high above clouds and on storm speaking down, I pray, when the last storm of earth may appear, I may soar above darkness, and sorrow, and fear.

When I look far away at the rainbow which spans All the clouds, and enfolds them with brilliant bands, Pencil'd o'er the spent storm by the hand of the Lord, I think of you heaven, our final reward, Of storms in the distance—the bow o'er God's throne, Of angels and harps, and the song "Welcome home."

Illiteracy.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Representative Willis has prepared a most interesting table to accompany his bill for federal aid to education, which shows that illiteracy holds the balance of power in fourteen Northern and all the Southern States. In thirty-eight States there are 1,871,217 illiterate voters, and only one voter in five can write his name in the Southern States. The illiterate voters in South Carolina number more than one-half; in Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina and Virginia, one in two, while Missouri, with one in nine, presents the best record. In the Presidential election of 1876, New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, California, Nevada, Ohio, Oregon, Wisconsin, Illinois, Rhode Island, Michigan and Pennsylvania were ranged on the side of illiteracy. In the last Presidential contest thirty States of the Union, with 298 electoral votes, were again within the dominions of the sovereigns who could not read the very charter of their liberties. The majorities which they gave could have been overthrown by the combined vote of their illiterate voters, even if those majorities had been five times as great as they were. In 1876 sixty out of seventy-six Senators, and 259 of the 292 Representatives were in the grasp of illiteracy. In 1880 fifty-eight of our seventy-six Senators, and 292 of our 335 Representatives were in the States and district where the illiterate voters held the balance of power.

Several meetings of the Inter-State Commission to secure Federal aid to education were held here during the past week. This body has a bill to present to Congress which proposes to distribute \$12,000,000 among the States, on the basis of illiteracy, during the period of twelve years. Of course a great deal of this money would go to the Southern States, to aid the colored people, but in a lesser degree the measure interests the States. California's share would be about \$100,000 per year, and the payments each year would diminish as the illiteracy disappeared. Willis of Kentucky, a member of the House Committee on Education, appeared at one meeting of the commission and heartily endorsed the plan. He said he did not propose to rest until some such bill passed.

Willis believed the tariff question was an infant beside this question.

The cause of popular education in Missouri furnishes occasion for hearty congratulation. The common school system is regarded by the people with increasing favor, and is steadily growing in efficiency and extent. The State Superintendent reports "a constant call for better teachers," "a more ready acquiescence on the part of school officers, with the manifest requirements of the law," and "a willingness among all classes to vote to extend the school term, to pay better salaries to teachers, to erect more convenient and comfortable school buildings, and to supply the school with improved furniture and apparatus." The State school moneys (one-fourth the annual revenue) appropriated by the late Legislature were \$392,000, which, with the interest on the school fund (\$174,000) makes \$566,000 set apart for the common schools.

The movement of Chinese troops continues to go on all over the empire. A large number of men, armed for the most part with Martini-Henry rifles, have been dispatched from Canton to the island of Hainan, and it is said that one of the China Merchants' steamers is engaged in transporting troops from Nanking to Formosa. Elaborate preparations have also been made by the Chinese to block up the river ways to Canton.

The first part of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" has been translated into the Persian language by Rev. J. L. Potter, a missionary of the Foreign Board at Teheran, and a lady in New York has sent him \$500 for its publication.

Sir Stafford Northcote has been amusing a literary society by lecturing on the subject of "Nothing," though he reminded them the he was not the first person who had attempted to discuss that theme. Lord Rochester, the friend of Charles II., addressed a very clever poem to "Nothing," a French writer, quoted by Dr. Johnson, wrote a Latin poem to show that Nothing is purer than water, Nothing is richer than gold, Nothing is higher than the heavens, and so on. The speaker defined masterly inactivity as the art of sitting still and not committing yourself in any action at a time when it is not convenient you should do so.

Not the least interesting of the celebrations of Luther's birthday last November was that held in Osaka, Japan, which was suggested by a native pastor, carried through by the Christians themselves, held in a large house owned by a Buddhist who had purchased it for preaching services to counteract Christian influences, attended by over 800, including the city officials; and made a deeper impression than any large meeting ever held in the city.

The man who makes a long prayer, and then oppresses the hireling, is as an unclean beast in the sanctuary; so is the man who would not part with a leaf from his catechism, yet makes his home a very hell by his fiendish temper; so is the man who spends his life in scenting the heresies of doctrine and yet cultivates the blacker heresies of life.—[Dr. Joseph Parker.]

A friend asks us to give certain statistics concerning the various secret societies, and we would gladly do so, if the facts were attainable. We do not know, for instance, how much each member of a secret order pays each year. It varies from \$5 to \$50, probably. Really, we do not know how to get at the facts.

A paragraph, going the rounds, reiterates an old moss-covered lie about the Christian Missionaries of Hawaii giving the natives "100 Testaments for 1,000 acres of land," etc. No denial nor proof, nor anything, except the final judgment, can stop this superb and ancient falsehood.

Many of the New York city car-drivers have come to the sensible conclusion that for helping them to stand their work in cold weather, hot coffee is the least hurtful, the most heating, and the longest lasting drink they can take.

Secretary Teller has affirmed the decision of the General Land Commissioner in refusing to order a survey of the Peter Shereback claim, which embraces 800 varas square, situated in the pueblo of San Francisco.

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A true Story for Boys.

I want to tell the boys about a friend of mine whose faithful performance of present duty led him into higher positions than he had ever dreamed of filling, and gave him what we would all like to reach—honor and success.

In the earlier years of my experience as a printer in Chicago, more than twenty years ago, our firm did a good deal of printing for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and because of this I came to know a young man who is the subject of my story. He came from Massachusetts. He was poor, and had no influential friend even to give him a letter of recommendation. He sought employment on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and, after waiting a time, at last secured a position as brakeman on a freight train—salary about \$80 a month. He was faithful in this position; and, being both intelligent and industrious, he was soon made conductor of the train, with wages nearly doubled. He soon attracted the attention of his superior officers, who saw in him an honest, faithful and conscientious conductor, one not seeking his own ease or pleasure, but constantly devoted to the interest of the company that employed him, so that not many months elapsed before he was made conductor of a passenger train—a more comfortable position, and one yielding a somewhat higher salary. Here I first knew him; and I saw in him a modest, quiet, unassuming young man, free from the popular vices, and who apparently tried to be just as faithful and true and devoted to his work as a conductor as though the position had been that of general superintendent. He did not apparently have a high opinion of his own abilities. There was a total absence of that swagger and strut so often seen in those who come to similar subaltern positions. It seemed as though he thought that properly to conduct his train—to secure the comfort of his passengers and rightly serve the interests of his company—required the full exercise of all the powers God had given him.

One of the sternest and most exacting, and yet one of the noblest, ablest, and most conscientious men who ever filled a similar position was then general superintendent of the road. This man, Col. C. G. Hammond, watched every employee of the road with an eagle's eye. He measured every man, knew the ability of each, and seemed intuitively to know which were the faithful workers and which were the lazy shirks. Our young conductor did not escape the keen eye. When he least thought of it, his chief was measuring and sounding him, and finding out what kind of metal he was made of; but none ever knew whether he was approved or not, for the chief's look was nearly always stern and cold as ice.

One Saturday morning, train No. 4 moved slowly out of Chicago under the care of my friend, who, only intent on doing his work as well as he knew how, seemed to have no higher ambition than to be a good conductor—salary \$900 a year. About noon, when he stopped at a station, he found a telegram from the head office, ordering him to "leave the train in care of—," and take the first train for Chicago.

This was an unusual thing. Wondering what could be the matter, conscious that he had tried to do exactly right, and yet remembering how exacting was the general superintendent, he feared that unintentionally he had fallen under his displeasure. Reaching Chicago late Saturday evening, he found Col. Hammond had gone home; and, knowing how strict he was in his observance of the Sabbath, the conductor waited impatiently for the coming Monday morning, when, with a fearful heart, he presented himself at the office of the superintendent.

"Good morning, Mr. Hammond. I have answered your telegram, and come to see what it means."

"Good morning," growled the chief. "I see you have, sir. I have concluded to take your train away from you."

The conductor's heart sank lower than ever. What before was only fearful foreboding was now painful truth. He had served the company to the best of his ability. He had kept the affairs of his train in complete order, his reports had been carefully and correctly made; and yet, after all, he had lost his position. He knew not why, and he felt that his case was sad indeed. He inwardly resolved that, having missed his calling, he would quit railroading and try some other service, where faithful work would be appreciated. He dared not hope to reverse the decision of the all-powerful official; yet, in as calm a voice as he could command, he politely asked the reason for his summary dismissal.

Col. Hammond waited awhile before he answered. Then, the muscles of his face relaxed a little, and he said, "I want an assistant superintendent in my office, and I have called you to take the place."

True worth is always modest, and our thunderstruck conductor could only stammer, "But I am not competent, sir, to fill the position."

"You can do what I tell you. You can obey orders, can't you? That's all you have to do, sir. You will begin work this morning. That is your desk."

The new duties were not so difficult as he expected. At first, he had only to obey orders, and carry out the details of work laid out by the chief; and to these duties he brought the same faithfulness and thoroughness that had made him noticeable as a conductor. His elevation did not spoil him or make him vain. He was plain and modest and hard-working as before. The salary at first \$1,800.

After a few years' service under Col. Hammond and an advance of salary to \$2,500, the plain young man was invited to take the office of general superintendent of a younger road at a salary of \$4,000. Distrusting his own ability, but determined to do his best, he accepted

the call, and succeeded, until the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, realizing how much they had lost in parting with him, invited him to resume his old position, and secured his services by the tempting offer of \$6,000 a year.

In the mean time, Col. Hammond had become the general superintendent of the Union Pacific Railroad, running from Omaha to Ogden, where it connects with the Central Pacific Railroad. This Central Pacific road was owned by four or five millionaires who had built it. Its general superintendent, however good a business man he was, knew but little about railroading; and under his care the road was anything but prosperous, until the owners and directors resolved upon a radical and sweeping change.

But where could they find a general superintendent who had the ability and would dare to reorganize the road and put its affairs upon a better basis. They consulted Col. Hammond and other railroad men; and the result was that, most unexpectedly, our whilom modest and hard-working conductor one day received a telegram asking him if he would undertake the duties of general superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, at a salary of \$10,000. He was satisfied with and appreciated by the Chicago Burlington & Quincy, who proposed to increase his pay to \$7,000; and, as he preferred to remain in Chicago, he declined the princely offer made by the California road. Then another telegram asked at what salary he would become the Chief of the Central Pacific. Al-most hoping to discourage his tempters, he telegraphed, "\$13,000 a year in gold." At once came the answer, "Accepted." So, taken in his own trap, he had nothing to do but to bid adieu to the city that had served him so well, and turn his face toward the land of gold. My story would be too long if I should try to tell you the unexpected difficulties he encountered from the old officers of the road, who had determined that they would not be superseded, and that the new superintendent should never enter upon his duties—how, supported by the directors of the road, he quietly took control, disarmed prejudice, conquered submission, and earned success.

This was nine years ago. He is still general superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, one of the most important railroads in the world. With its connections in California, this quiet man, not yet forty-eight years old, now superintends two thousand seven hundred and thirty-four miles of railroad and over fifty connecting steamers, besides dictating the tariffs of the China, the Australian, and the Panama lines of steamships. While other young men, preferring present ease and comfort to the interests of their employers, wasted money and time in billiard halls, theatres, and drinking saloons, Alban N. Towne was at work building up character as well as reputation, and now fills one of the most important positions in California; and, instead of \$360 a year, as brakeman on a freight train, he now draws the comfortable salary of twenty thousand dollars a year in gold.

"Lucky man," says one. "Luck" had but little to do with it. Modest worth did it. Work did it. Faithfulness in the performance of present duties, however humble, did it. This untiring faithfulness in the humbler duties not only attracted the notice and won the appreciation of his superiors, but fitted him for the higher positions which, without his seeking, he was called to fill.—[Alfred L. Sewell, in Grains of Gold.]

Conquering an Enemy.

I once owned a large flock of hens, which I generally shut up. But one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly. One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there full of wrath, to let me know my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed several of them and thrown them over into my yard.

Greatly enraged at his procedure, I determined at once to be revenged, to sue him, or in some way get redress. I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could; and by the time I had finished my meal, I became more cool, and thought perhaps it was best not to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure that it would do better.

After dinner, I went to my neighbor, who was in his garden; and, strange to say, he was in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accosted him, and he turned upon me, his face inflamed with wrath, and said:

"You have abused me. I will kill all your hens, if I can get at them. I never was so abused! My garden is ruined!"

"I am very sorry for it," said I. "I did not wish to injure you, and now I see I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgiveness, and am willing to pay you six times the damage."

The man seemed confounded; he looked up to the sky—then down to the earth—then at his neighbor—then at his club—and then at the hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.

"Tell me, now," said I, "what is the damage, and I will pay you sixfold, and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely with you to say what I shall do, for I cannot afford to lose the love and good will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them for hens, or anything else."

"I am a fool!" said the neighbor. "The damage is not worth talking about, and I have more need to compensate you than you me, and to ask your forgiveness than you mine."—[Youth's Companion.]

Rev. J. S. Inskip died at Ocean Grove, of paralysis, on the 11th. He has long been known as a leader of perfectionists of the M. E. Church.

Death of a Blasphemer.

The Philadelphia Press gives the following account in its issue of January 24th:

The sudden illness of Lemuel Thomas while he was blasphemously impersonating the Saviour at a supper party of roysterers, his subsequent paralysis of the heart and the finding of his corpse in his bedroom three days after the feeble and unholy attempt at a joke, has given Jenkintown, Pa., and its vicinity a sensation. In religious circles Thomas's fate is considered a punishment for his conduct, and some of the participants on the occasion of the impersonation have become struck with terror. One or two have since expressed their mortification and deep regret, but there are many people in Jenkintown who openly profess that the Divine wrath will yet strike the aiders and abettors of the dead man's impiety.

Thomas was a carpenter, over sixty years of age, who rarely attended church, and who was somewhat noted in Jenkintown for his disregard of religion. He was well known and had a large number of friends and relatives. His wife who was a very pious, God-fearing woman, died many years ago, leaving several children, some of whom are now grown up. Mrs. Thomas in her latter years exerted a good deal of influence over her husband, and this he would occasionally become mindful of and attend the Jenkintown Methodist Episcopal church. His pastor, G. Bickley Burns, made great efforts to induce him to join the congregation, but Thomas steadfastly and scornfully refused.

On Monday evening, Thomas and twelve friends of kindred dispositions congregated, by arrangement, in a hall opposite to Colman's Hotel, of Jenkintown. They had made every provision for a supper, and the tables were loaded with poultry and liquors. Every one was in good health and spirits. Before they sat down one of the guests suggested that Thomas, who was the oldest man present, should offer up a prayer. This he did amid the laughter and jests of those present. Richard Myers, Elwood and Albert Weak, local grocermen; Henry and Thomas Hagar, plasterers; William Dilworth, a wheelwright; Frank Williams, a barber; Jake Felton, a stonemason, and Henry Thomas, a son of the dead man, were among the banqueters. They are all well known in Jenkintown.

After they had been seated a short time one of the men said that the reunion, on account of there being thirteen present, was suggestive of the Last Supper. This was received with yells of delight, and Thomas presently proclaimed that he was the Saviour, and charged one of the roysterers with being Judas Iscariot. It is claimed that he next broke some bread in pieces and distributed it, with glasses of beer, among the guests in mockery of the last Sacrament.

In the midst of the feast, while the thirteen men were eating, drinking and shouting, Thomas uttered a terrible oath, and made use of some blasphemous expressions that shocked even his comrades. They all started up with amazement at his words, when suddenly he grew pale, and putting his hand to his head complained of pain. It was not until 11 o'clock that this occurred, and the supper had opened shortly after eight. "I'm afraid it's my last supper, after all!" the miserable man moaned, then clutching his chair and rising with difficulty he announced to the rest, "I must vacate the chair, boys. You must get some other president. I'm going home." They all tried to dissuade him, saying that he would be better presently, but he persisted, and left the room. On the way out he remarked that he thought he could not live long. When he had gone, the twelve who remained were at first very solemn, but soon the uproar began again, and it was 4 o'clock in the morning before the party broke up.

When Thomas reached his house he said that he felt as if he had been struck a violent blow on the head. He complained of being weak and feeling as if on the verge of the grave. He lingered on, his relatives fancying that his sickness was imaginary. A few mornings after the feast he was found dead in his bed. A horrible smile played over his features and his eyes were staring out of their sockets "as if," said a woman relative in describing it afterwards, "he had seen something awful and died while staring at it."

His death created a stir in Jenkintown. Ministers and congregations talked it over, and agreed that it had been caused by some wonderful influence from heaven. An inquest was held, and the evidence showed that Thomas died of paralysis of the heart. It was everywhere concluded that the paralysis either came as a punishment for his impersonation, was the result of some sudden and terrible apparition, or an appalling stroke of conscience. The dead man was buried at Northwood, and crowds came to his funeral. Rev. G. B. Burns officiated at the grave. His remarks had been carefully prepared beforehand, in order that no allusions that could call up unpleasant recollections to the relatives of the deceased might be made. He spoke, however, of the shortness of life in general, but avoided saying anything of him who lay cold in death at his feet. As the coffin was finally deposited in the frozen ground there was a general feeling of relief at the close of one of the most painful burials that has taken place in the neighborhood of Philadelphia for years.

Secretary Teller has decided in the case of the Southern Pacific Branch Line vs. Charles Howard, from the Los Angeles Land district, in favor of Howard; and in the case of the Northern Pacific Railroad vs. Thomas Curry, from the Yakima Land district, Washington Territory, in favor of Curry.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

General News.

PACIFIC COAST.

Pere Hyacinthe is at Los Angeles. During the past month seventeen vessels have been cleared from this port with wheat and flour.

During the month of February the police made 2,102 arrests, of which 785 were for drunkenness.

The British ship *Charles Bal* has arrived in port, 112 days from Hongkong. The average sailing time between Hongkong and San Francisco is only 50 days.

Oakland City tax has been fixed at 75 cents. It would have been 69 cents, had Mayor Martin's veto had due effect. He has done his duty in urging economy and low taxation, and his good efforts will not be forgotten.

Last Monday J. J. O'Brien, the Ex Assistant Secretary of the Harbor Commissioners and alleged confederate of John S. Gray, now in San Quentin, was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the same institution. A just sentence, we believe, and an evidence that criminals are not sure to go unpunished from our courts.

Twenty-five leading firms engaged in manufacturing cigars, where some 2,800 Chinamen had been employed, locked out all their Chinese workmen last Monday, because they have "continually demanded higher wages and harder terms." We heartily wish that a lockout of Chinese and all other laborers in this miserable business might be perpetual. But it is said that white laborers from the East will soon be here in sufficient numbers to make cigars for all the poor slaves to this vile habit.

EASTERN AND FOREIGN.

More than a third of the residents of Richmond, Va., are members of its 53 evangelical churches.

One-half of the 35,000 students in the 300 colleges in this country are said to be professed Christians.

The Congregational ministers of Franklin Co., Mass., protest against the running of Sunday railroad trains.

There are said to be only three Congregational churches in Massachusetts having more male than female members.

In the 4,440,822 letters and papers sent to the Dead Letter Office last year, over 34,000 contained checks and money to the amount of \$1,030,000.

An iron-furnace in Pittsburgh was put in blast February 10, 1881, and kept unintermittently till January 20, 1884, during which time it turned out 166,805 tons of iron.

In referring to the United States statute prohibiting the selling of intoxicating drinks to Indians, Gov. St. John patly asks whether a white man is not as good as an Indian.

Several young men from the Mission Training School in Sweden are laboring as missionaries among the 56,000 Lapplanders in Northern Norway, Sweden and Russia.

The Supreme Court of Illinois has pronounced the bill for fixing beer licenses at \$150, and liquor licenses at \$500, constitutional. The Chicago saloon-keepers intend to defy the law.

It is an interesting fact, ascertained lately by a member of the New York Stock Exchange, that of 300 members on the floor that day 17 were superintendents of Sunday-schools.

Mrs. General Trevino, daughter of the late General Ord, died at Fortress Monroe, Feb. 10th, at the residence of her mother.

Five-sixths of the money expended in 1882 for colored schools in Georgia was raised by the colored people themselves.

Gen. O. O. Howard has asked for an extended furlough, which, if granted, will be the first since he lost his right arm in 1862.

The Pope has addressed an encyclical letter to the French Bishops, deploring the moral and intellectual condition of various European nations, including France.

NEW YORK, February 20.—The steamer *Frisia*, from Hamburg, arrived to-day, with the bodies of Lieutenant De Long and his comrades on board.

Much of the time in Congress last week was spent in discussing the railroad grants, and the bills in reference to building ships for the Navy. No important bill was passed.

The people of San Francisco are giving very liberally to the fund for the sufferers by the flood on the Ohio. The subscription is general, and several thousands of dollars have already been sent forward by Mayor Bartlett.

The ice companies on the Hudson River have harvested 3,700,000 tons, the largest supply they ever had. One of the papers says that the only preventive of cheap ice next summer will be spontaneous combustion!

Prof. Maspero has found three clay cylinders in the sands near the Suez Canal, with inscriptions in Babylonian Cuneiform, in which Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, referred to temples he had built.

LONDON, Feb. 27th.—Four Turkish iron-clads go to the Red Sea on Monday. Two hundred Egyptian laborers at Trinitat have been pressed into the service as hospital bearers.

The young boys of Austin, Texas, were becoming so disorderly and rowdyish after dark that the Board of Commissioners has passed an ordinance requiring them to be at home after 8 o'clock, under penalty of being arrested if found in the streets.

LONDON, February 28.—Gladstone introduced in the Commons to-day a franchise bill, which, he said, would strengthen the State by enfranchising people capable of exercising the right of franchise. America, he declared, had only recovered from the civil war so quickly because of the fact that every capable citizen had been entrusted with the right of franchise.

VIENNA, February 28.—The semi-official *reapprochement* of Russia and Germany is warmly welcomed here. The Austro-German alliance is the unalterable basis of Austrian policy. Austria will continue to attach the greatest importance to Italy's participation in the alliance. France probably will also appreciate Russia's adhesion to the peace alliance.

SUAKIN, Feb. 27th.—A fight took place to-day on the Berber road, nine miles from Suakin, between the rebels and friendly tribes. Some of the latter cut their way through. Two thousand men, gathered from tribes numbering 10,000, wish to come in to-morrow. The friendly tribes desire to fight if supported.

DESTRUVE, Russian Minister, presented, Feb. 28th, to the President, a telegram from St. Petersburg, from De Giers, Minister for foreign affairs, expressing the Ozar's regrets at the death of Minister Hunt. The President replied, expressing his appreciation of the Ozar's kind and feeling message, and of his own sorrow at Hunt's death, and his sympathy with Mrs. Hunt and the afflicted family. The Secretary of the Navy, in view of the fact that Minister Hunt was at one time Secretary of the Navy, has issued an official order that the Navy Department be draped in mourning, as a mark of respect. Minister Hunt died Feb. 28.

HAIPHONG, Feb. 27th.—A dispatch from Hanoi says Millot and Briere will start March 8th to attack Bacninh. General Negrier, leaving Haidzong earlier with 6,000 men, will close the Langson road. It will be necessary to disembark troops to capture the fortified posts along the Zongkoi river. There are seventeen similar posts on the Hanoi road.

As an illustration of the results of cultivation, it is stated that while in 1876 there were four varieties of hyacinth known, there are now over 4,000.

There was an unusual crowd of prisoners in the Central Police Station in this city last Monday, the result of police work on Saturday and Sunday. In fact, there was not sufficient accommodation for all who were brought there. The cells were so much overcrowded that in order to make room Judge Webb set at liberty all those who were arrested for "simple drunk." This class of prisoners in custody numbered fifty-four.—[Call.]

For the Benefit of the Pedestal Fund of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

This colossal statue was given by the people of the French Republic to the people of the United States as a monument of ancient friendship, and an expression of the sympathy of France in the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence. It is 150 feet in height, cost \$250,000, to which cost more than 250,000 Frenchmen subscribed, and it is so far finished that it will be ready to be shipped to this country in the course of the coming summer.

There has been voluntarily contributed about \$100,000 towards the pedestal for the statue, which is to be placed on Bedloe's Island, at the entrance of New York harbor, and about \$150,000 is still required. The foregoing is from the Report of the Executive Committee to the General Committee of the Fund, of which the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts is chairman.

With a view of aiding the object, another committee, under the supervision of the Hon. Rufus F. Andrews, has arranged for a new issue of art subjects, to be offered the public generally, who will thus be able to secure a magnificent standard steel engraving, and at the same time have the satisfaction of contributing to the Pedestal Fund.

The following subjects have been selected, viz.: Washington Irving and his Friends..... 28x36 Shakespeare and his Friends..... 28x36 Falstaff Mustering his Recruits..... 28x36 Landing of the Pilgrims..... 28x36 Departure of the Pilgrims..... 28x36 Farmer's Saturday Night..... 26x34 Preaching of John Knox before the Lords of the Congregation in St. Andrews..... 28x36

These engravings will be from the original plates, and will be as fine as the first proofs, which were sold at \$100 each. They will be forwarded by mail, and their receipt guaranteed. The price for each will be \$5, which must be sent with the order. Persons wishing to subscribe are respectfully requested to do so as soon as possible.

All orders, drafts, etc., must be directed and made payable to the Secretary, WM. WHELFLEY, P. O. Box 2949, New York City.

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FRED—Bran, \$14.50 @ 15.00; ground barley, \$21 to 22; middlings, \$19 to \$21; oil-cake, \$30.00 per ton.

POTATOES—35c to \$1.05 per cwt. New, \$2.00 to \$3.00.

FRUIT—Lemons, \$5.00 to 5.50 per box for Sicily; Bananas, 1.75 to \$3.50 bunch; Apples, \$3.00 to 5.50 per box; Apples, \$1.25 to \$3.00 per box.

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 75c to \$1.00 per cwt.; Cauliflower, 65c to 75c per doz; Turnips, 50c to 65c per cwt.

HAY—\$8.00 to 13.50 for all grades. Straw, 45 to 60c per bale.

BUTTER—Choice, Cal. 27 1/2 to 28.

CHEESE—Cal. 16 to 17 1/2 c choice.

EGGS—26 to 27 1/2 c per doz for Cal.

HONEY—Strained, 6c to 7 1/2 c for white; BEES—9 1/2 to 10 1/2 c first quality; 6 1/2 to 7 1/2 c for third.

MUTTON—Wethers, 7c to 7 1/2 c; Ewes, 6c to 7c.

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PORK—Live hogs, 7 to 7 1/2 c for hard grain hogs on foot; dressed do, 10c to 10 1/2 c.

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Read Samuel Irving's advertisement in another column, and give him a call for gentlemen's furnishing goods. He is a reliable man of our sort.

The Art Amateur for March gives some seasonable designs for Easter egg decoration, a very pleasing geranium design for a brass plaque in etched and repousse work, the last of the series of wild-flower dessert-plate designs, a design of Virginia creeper in autumn colors for a fire-place facing of seven tiles, and a numerous array of monograms, ecclesiastical embroideries, fancy costumes, and French and Japanese decorative designs. Price, \$4 a year; single copies, 34c. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

Our readers will notice that we are running a large advertisement of Allison Brothers' "Death on Dirt" Soap. This soap we have tried as directed, and it washes beautifully, apparently without injuring the fabric. A great many people on this coast have not conveniences for the old way of washing. Try this soap and see how simply the work is done. J. Y. Ross, 123 California Street, San Francisco, is the exclusive agent on the Pacific Coast. He ought to do a large business.

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

JANUARY 1, 1884.

ASSETS,

\$4,541,239.82.

CASH CAPITAL,	-	-	-	\$1,250,000.00
All Outstanding Claims,	-	-	-	295,982.07
Reserve for Re-Insurance,	-	-	-	1,661,661.84
Policy-Holders' Surplus,	-	-	-	2,563,595.91
SURPLUS OVER ALL,				1,333,595.91

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